

# One Last Customer

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Summary: There were days Hamish, Hiccup to his friends, Haddock hated his job. And then, there were days where he loathed it with every fiber of his being and, unfortunately, today was one of those days. Hiccup has to ring up one last customer before his sought after break. How painful could that be?

## One Last Customer

**\*\*Author's Note:** \*\*Haha, oh wow, I haven't posted on this website in a while. However, I thought this fic was appropriate for my comeback. I might be channeling some of my work struggles in this fic, so yeah I may or may not have put myself into the story somewhere (bonus points if you find me), I hope you all enjoy my first attempt at a Hijack fanfic !

**\*\*Disclaimer:** \*\*These characters are not mine, but the situation is.

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><p>There were days Hamish, Hiccup to his friends, Haddock hated his job. And then, there were days where he loathed it with every fiber of his being and, unfortunately, today was one of those days. One would think that working in a toy store would be the greatest job ever, riding floor model bikes around, getting discounts on newly released video games, and all that jazz. But to Hiccup, it was hell on earth. His friends constantly tell him how lucky he was that he had that job, to which he would laugh and explain why his job was the worst.<p>

First off, parents let their children run wild in the store. So not only does Hiccup have to attend to actual customers, but he occasionally has to play babysitter to their kids. And he will be the first to point out that children, now a days, are vicious creatures with grubby little hands that destroy everything in their paths,

leaving none other than Hiccup to clean up their mess.

Second, whenever the store gets really busy, Hiccup will always be forced to work in checkout. Usually, female employees work the registers, due to their cheerful nature and ability to sympathize with the mothers who are spending their retirement funds on their kids. Thanks to his mild personality, damn it to hell, Hiccup always gets stuck on register with all the girls who always show him up in selling the discount card, especially that one bitch who practically gives them out like candy. \_God\_, she makes his blood boil like no other.

Which brings us to our final point of why working at this toy store is the worst job on the face of the planet earth, the discount card. In theory, it's something that every loyal customer should have; it's not a credit card, it's free, it gives you a ten percent rebate on your holiday purchases, and you get coupons sent to your email. But in reality, no one wants the rewards card, especially not the occasional, "I only come here once or twice a year", customer. And they have to announce whenever they sign someone up via walkie-talkie which is awkward to do in front of the customer and always made Hiccup incredibly self conscious. Whenever he's on register, he's lucky if he gets three people to sign up. If he's so shitty at pushing the card, then why the hell do they put him on register?! It made no sense to the teenager.

Anyway, the day was turning out to be complete shit. Hiccup was scheduled to work from opening until five in the afternoon (basically the entirety of his availability), it was a holiday (memorial day, so people were flocking into the store due to the heat. \_Doesn't anyone spend time outside anymore?\_), and Hiccup was working... wait for it... you guessed it, register and currently had a grand total of zero people sign up for the discount card (you don't even want to know how many people said no). The only redeeming quality about his current situation was that it was almost his lunch break. An entire half hour of bliss spent, enjoying his lunch. It was honestly the only thing that was getting him through the first three and a half hours of his shift.

Right on que, one of Hiccup's managers strolled over to his register and shut off his light, "Okay Hamish, you can take your break, you've got a half?"

Hiccup nodded eagerly and signed out of his register, "Yup, I do!"

Just as his boss was about to bid him a good lunch, who else but the over achieving bitch should raise her voice in protest, "Wait!" she interjected, "Can Hamish take one more guest? I'm completely swamped!" she pointed over to the customers behind the couple she was currently ringing up.

Two boys, or men? One of them, with (I'm not kidding) white hair and the bluest of blue (they had to be contacts) eyes, was probably about Hiccup's age and the other (tan, broad, tall, and carrying a stuffed rabbit) maybe a year or two older. Just by looking at them Hiccup knew that they didn't have a discount card and the bitch was just pushing them along to his register because she didn't want to deal with them. Did he have proof? No, but the look in her eyes said it all, she knew what she was doing.

"If that's okay with you, Hamish?" his boss snapped him out of his angry daze.

Hiccup sighed in defeat, "Sure, I'll take them." he grumbled shooting the girl the nastiest look he could possibly make without his boss seeing.

"Thanks so much Hamish!" she replied cheerfully as she directed the two men to Hiccup's register.

"No problem." he replied, mocking her cheery tone as he signed back into his register. This transaction was going to be painful, Hiccup just knew it.

The older man and his friend, Hiccup was assuming, came up to his register at a leisurely pace, \_guess they're not in a rush.\_

"Hello, how are you today?" Hiccup said mechanically, following his usual routine.

"Just peachy." the taller man said in the thickest Australian accent Hiccup had ever heard.

"He's buying this so he has someone to cuddle with at night" the white haired kid interjected, chuckling to himself as the other guy shot him a look.

Hiccup's lips involuntarily quirked into a small smile, "Oh no. Are you a member of our rewards card program?"

"No, and I'm not interested." to which marked the fastest rejection Hiccup had ever received when trying to sell the discount card.

"Are you sure? It's-"

"Positive."

Not wanting to overstep his boundaries (especially with that guy), Hiccup dropped it and continued with the check out, "Okay, that's fine, now your total is going to be-"

"Wait." the white haired kid interjected again, "What does the card do?" he asked with a mischievous twinkle in his eye as he eyed Hiccup.

Hiccup raised his eyebrows in shock, (was someone actually going to sign up for the card?) then cleared his throat to begin his pitch, "Well, it's pretty much a discount card for the store. It's free and not a credit card. And you get coupons and such in the mail and online." he rattled off slowly, trying not to fumble his sentences.

The boy nodded his head, as if trying to prove he was attentively listening, "Uh huh, and how long does it take to sign up?"

"I mean, if you have your driver's license, less than a minute."

To that response, he beamed and punched his friend in the arm, "Well how about that Aster, less than a minute! I'm sold Mr..." he squinted

and read Hiccup's name tag, pronouncing his name slowly, "Hamish. Sign me up!"

"Oh bloody hell-" now it was Aster's turn to interject, rolling his eyes.

"Now, now, no need to curse." the other boy tutted and pulled his driver's license from his wallet, "He said this will only take less than a minute." he smiled cheekily and handed Hiccup his licence.

Hiccup licked his lips and nodded, not wanting to lose the chance to actually sign someone up for a rewards card, "Yeah, I swear. Only a minute, maybe even less." he said quickly as he brought the sign up menu to his register's computer screen, "W-what's your email address."

"frostbite21 "

Hiccup typed it into the register as fast as he could and pressed enter, "Can you come over to the pin pad and check to see if all that's correct?"

The boy peered at the credit card swipe's screen to proof read his email address, "Yup, that's it."

"Good now press OK." Hiccup instructed.

He pressed the button and the computer screen changed, prompting Hiccup to scan the boy's license. It took a couple tries, "Sorry, this thing hates me I swear", but the license scanned.

First Name: Jackson

MI:

Last Name: Overland

Home Address 1: 15 Overlook Terr

Home Address 2:

City: Burgess

State: ME

Zip: 04275

Phone:

Hiccup pressed enter and gave Jackson his license back, "Alright, one last time, is this all correct?"

Jackson looked at the screen, "Yeah, it's all there, but don't you want my phone number?"

Hiccup cocked his head to the side in confusion. He usually didn't ask customers for their phone numbers. The main purpose of the phone number was for look up proposes, and Hiccup had a feeling that this kid wasn't coming back any time soon, "I mean, there's really no

need."

"Oh no, there's a need." Jackson dismissed Hiccup's comment and flashed a charming smile, which caused Aster to rub his palm over his face in disgust.

Picking up the social cue, Hiccup's cheeks flushed an embarrassing shade of red, "Uh, I mean, o-okay. If you say so? Just press change and we'll add it." he stammered as the other chuckled and pressed the button, "What's your phone number?"

Jackson cleared his throat as if he were about to recite a monologue, "It's 207.867.2821" he said slowly, not once faltering his, obviously, lewd gaze from Hiccup, "You got all that?" he raised his eyebrows.

With shaky hands, and fumbling on a number or two, he entered the phone number into the system and pressed enter, "All good?" he quickly turned to grab a rewards card.

One last time, Jackson checked the pin pad and pressed OK, "Yeah, you know, you're really good at memorizing phone numbers." he said in a low voice.

"Jesus Christ, Jack." Aster groaned as he pulled out his debit card, ready to pay for the damn stuffed animal, and finally leave this retched toy store.

Thank God Hiccup's face was out of view, because if his face was red before, boy was it on fire now. Keeping his mouth shut, he quickly scanned Jackson's new rewards card and shoved it into his hand, "Here you go! You're all set your total is \$9.43 you can swipe your credit card whenever you're ready!" he said in one breath, trying his hardest not to look at Jackson as he stuffed the toy rabbit into a plastic bag, and grabbed the receipt.

"Oh look Aster, the card is rainbow colored!" Jack shoved the card in his best friend's face excitedly, "How appropriate." he added softly and grinned deviously at how the comment made the cashier even more flustered.

"Here's your receipts, I printed out a gift receipt just in case you needed it." Hiccup gave Aster the sheets of paper, still avoiding eye contact with Jackson at all costs.

"Thanks, sorry for..." Aster paused and regarded Jack, "him. Have a nice rest of the day."

"You too." Hiccup responded quickly and signed out of his register.

Aster was half way out the door while Jack lingered, "So you're on your break?" he asked, still wearing that devilish grin.

Hiccup could only nod, the rest of his body was paralyzed in fear and confusion.

"You should put your phone memorizing skills to use then?"

Against his will, Hiccup nodded.

"Good."

"Jack, move your bloody ass out the door, or I'll do it for you!" Aster called from the store's exit like an angry mother.

"I'll be hearing from you soon?" Jack said softly and held his breath, his eyes filled with hope.

Hiccup cleared his throat, "Yeah, sure." he said, trying his hardest to keep his voice from cracking.

"Awesome." Jackson exhaled and gave Hiccup a seemingly genuine smile, "Talk to you later!" with that he bounded over to Aster and left the store.

For a moment Hiccup stayed motionless. \_What the hell just happened?\_ Then his mind started to work again. He picked up his walkie-talkie, "I just got a new rewards card."

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><p><strong>Author's Note: <strong>Ahhhhhh ! I hope I didn't botch anything up or make it super OOC? Let me know what you think? Reviews are appreciated !

End  
file.